

FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

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GLEANINGS FROM PAPERS, With Editorial Sprinklings.

A California paper tells a queer dog story. A dog having deposited a bone with some putrid meat upon it in his master's house, the cook removed it to the croch of a tree out of reach. After circling the tree, and concluding that he could not attain the prize unaided, the dog proceeded to a neighboring house, and succeeded, by his importunities, in inducing a cat, with which he was familiar, to accompany him, mount the tree, and claw off the "sweet morsel," which he again triumphantly placed in the hall.

THE CONDITION OF LONDON.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer says that the street population of London are in an excited and restless condition, and have more than once of late overawed the Government. They were first called out by resistance to the Sabbath observance bill, and afterwards assumed a different character, and now demand bread for employment. They meet every Sunday in great numbers in Hyde Park.

Miss Arabella Townsend of the Fifth Avenue, New York, is said to be the lady, Thomas Francis Meagher, Esq., is about to lead the hymenial altar. She is worth \$250,000, and is possessed of extraordinary personal attractions. In speculative circles the latter is regarded as a natural consequence of the first. Mr. M. has been a widower some sixteen or seventeen months. If anything should happen we would suggest "Sarsaparilla" as an appropriate name—but it's none of our business.

Twenty-five years ago, Iowa was a wilderness, tenanted only by the savage. Now she has a civilized population, estimated at about six hundred thousand, and constantly increasing. The emigration to the State this year, has been very heavy.

The Mobile Advertiser says that one of the measures which will be warmly pressed upon the Legislature of Alabama, now in session, will be a proposition to appropriate \$100,000 from the Treasury, to aid in making Kansas a Slave State.

The Chinese appear to be returning to their old homes from California. One ship from San Francisco to Hong Kong took back four hundred, and another about the same time took back two hundred of that race.

The people of Bangor, Me., have named the new market house "No-rumboga Hall," which is supposed to mean, being interpreted, "No Rum by God!"

The Northern Bank of Tennessee, at Clarksville, has just gone into operation. Banks are as plenty in Tennessee as stump speakers—almost.

The Beacon Street Belle.

It was on a sunny day on the fourteenth of February, 1852, when a young Southerner passing down Washington street, near the South Church, was accosted by a young girl, apparently about eighteen, well dressed, but not in the extreme of fashion, and of a peculiar beauty and loveliness that almost baffles description.

Her white silk bonnet but half concealed the finest head of glossy, jet black hair in the world, which played in many ringlets over a neck of surprising whiteness and beauty. Her forehead was high, but white and smooth as Parian marble; while her large eyes beamed forth an intensity of feeling, which impressed those who saw her with emotions of piety, and almost reverence.

Her manner was certainly somewhat wild and singular; nevertheless, the Southerner, too well bred to turn haughtily, paused to listen to the fair girl, whose tones of earnest entreaty were evidently making sad havoc with the poor fellow's heart.

The Southerner, himself, a practicing lawyer in Richmond, Va., had just arrived in Boston, where he had come to attend to certain matters of business connected with his profession. He was quite familiar with the city, having some three years previous graduated at the University near Boston. But familiar as he was with many peculiarities of cities, he felt indeed, surprised at the idea of a young and beautiful stranger stopping him in the street to ask him a singular question:

"Will you marry me, sir?"

Now, Charles Knowlton—or, as they called him at home, Chas. Knowlton, Esq.—was young, and a bachelor, and, like all young bachelors, intended to marry some time or other. But the idea of being forced into matrimony without a moment's warning, and without knowing anything about the lady who was to be his bride, except that she was young and handsome, rather startled him from his propriety; and, for a moment, it must be confessed, he stood gazing with astonishment upon the lovely maiden, whose eyes seemed to flash brighter every moment, with redoubled brilliancy.

The proud lips of the fair girl were just beginning to curl in scorn, as she noticed the young man's hesitation. She curbed her feelings, however, for the time, looking once more upon him with her bright, beautiful face, and repeated, with still more earnestness, if possible, her former inquiry:

"Will you marry me, sir?"

Startled from his reverie at the sound of her voice, he was once more aroused from the statue-like posture he had fallen into, on first seeing her, though he still continued to gaze upon the lovely being before him, without uttering a word.

"I must leave you then, sir," she continued, "though Heaven alone knows my present misery. It is true, I am asking of you a strange favor. I cannot blame you; but I may yet find one whose manliness of heart will lead him to compassionate my present situation. Once more, and for the last time, permit me to ask you:

"Will you marry me, sir?"

And here, overcome with her feelings, her tears began to dim her beautiful eyes, while the lady turned to hide her falling tears, and sobbed aloud.

The young lawyer keenly felt the awkwardness of his position, and politely tendering his arm to the lady, for a stroll up the street, inwardly resolved to learn more about the matter, if possible. The lady's case seemed to be so novel and singular. One moment he fancied her insane, but the calm, beautiful expression upon her countenance, now that she had adopted him as her protector, utterly forbade such a thought.

With all the gallantry, romance, and, perhaps, we may say, impetuosity, peculiar to Southern character, Charles immediately determined to put the best construction upon the matter, treating the case as one really

deserving his best services and sympathy.

Knowing it to be past the regular dinner hour at the Tremont, where he was then boarding, and to escape the noise and confusion of the street, Charles proposed to the lady the propriety of adjourning to one of the nearest saloons, where the subject could be discussed more quietly and satisfactorily with the aid of a cup of nice coffee and some refreshments.

A moment later and we find the pair in an elegantly furnished and well-appointed establishment generally known in Boston as 'Vinton's.'

A thousand ill-defined thoughts passed through the young lawyer's mind. As we have already remarked, he was highly romantic, yet he felt that a lovely woman, apparently in distress, was before him.

There was something so singularly romantic in the whole affair that he almost determined, at one moment to comply with the lady's request. In another, the idea of what the termination of so romantic a marriage might be—he thought of his relatives, the jeers of acquaintances, and the cold laughter of a matter-of-fact world would restrain him.

"Are you in want of money, lady?" asked he.

"No, sir, nothing of the kind." "Cannot I be of service in some other way than that which you propose?"

"Indeed, sir, you cannot."

"Were I to comply with your request, might it not possibly hereafter cause you some regret?"

"Regret! nay, sir, do not mock me." "Pardon my seeming rudeness, madam; and once more tell me how I can serve you?"

"Marry me!"

"Marry one whom I have only known for a single half hour?"

"Aye marry me—trust me, I am not deceiving you. Hereafter you shall know all. But, if you still have faith in humanity, if you have any pity for me, marry me, and do it at once!"

"By heaven! I will," exclaimed the lawyer, almost before he himself was aware of it.

However, he had pledged his word, and he was determined to abide the issue.

"Are you ready, now?" quietly observed the lady.

"Excuse me, madam, I will be in a few moments. You know—"

"Certainly sir, you will find it there. Let that suffice for the present, and the lady politely offered him a card, upon which was neatly engraved the name 'Henrietta Howard,' and just below the address, 'Beacon street.'

Stepping into a carriage, summoned for the occasion, the young lawyer, accompanied by the lady, drove to the office of the City Register.

Everything in this department being satisfactorily arranged, the handsome couple forthwith presented themselves before the Mayor, who was not long in performing the ceremony that should bind 'two willing hearts in one; for weal or woe, until death should part them.'

A few moments later, and the young Southerner accompanied his blushing bride to the carriage. The steps were put up, the door closed, and the hackman stood awaiting orders.

"To the Tremont House," said the bridegroom.

"Excuse me, Charles; why not to our own house?"

thought of going to, especially after what had transpired.

He had scarcely time to recall to mind his rashness when the carriage stopped just before a costly and magnificent stone mansion.

He glanced at his bride, even the smiles on her sweet face gave a hope. He could just say,

"Shall we alight here, Henrietta?" "Certainly, Charles!"

The young Southerner handed out his wife in silence.

A well dressed servant answered the bell.

"Is uncle at home, Robert?" inquired the lady.

"No, Miss Henrietta, he is not," replied the man with a bow.

Giving his hat to the servant, and following his bride into the sumptuously furnished parlor, the poor Southerner felt more at a loss than ever; while the roguish look of the lovely woman who was seated beside him on the sofa—holding his hand in hers, and gazing up into his face—by no means tended to recall him to his usual self-possession.

"Come, Charles," suddenly exclaimed his newly made bride, "give me your arm, while we take a stroll round the house—or rather your house."

"Nay, Henrietta, do not trifle with me."

"Indeed, Charles, I am not trifling. All that you see is yours."

"Mine?"

"Yes, Charles, yours. You have trusted in me, and I must tell you all."

The fair bride led her astonished husband to a seat near by and thus continued:

"Three years since, I lost, by death, the best of fathers. My mother died some five years before."

"My father, for many years engaged in the Indian trade, left the principal portion of his property, including the house in which we are—to myself, his sole surviving daughter."

My uncle, who was appointed my guardian, was entrusted with the care of all until I should marry. He resides with me. Destitute of other means of support, it was quite natural, you know, that he should seclude me from the world as much as possible. Of late he has treated me unkind. To-day I escaped the house unseen."

"But, Henrietta, will not your uncle—"

"Not a word, Charles, if you please, at present."

The servant was now summoned and fully informed of the facts.

The domestic then, cheerful, withdrew. Henrietta had always been an especial favorite with this portion of the family, while the harshness and cruelty of her uncle had been too apparent.

We need not detail the surprise, the scorn and astonishment of the uncle, when, on the following day, he returned from his brief visit to Lowell, on learning the change in the domestic arrangement of the family.

A trip to Washington had been determined by the happy couple; for the great capital of the United States was at that season gay, Congress being then in session. Besides a visit to his relatives in Richmond, was necessary to complete the happiness of the bridegroom.

And thus passed the honey moon. During the absence of the young couple, the crabbed old uncle quietly withdrew, thinking it better to leave the requisite document in the charge of his brother's attorney than encounter the ire of the impetuous and hasty Southerner.

It afterwards appeared, though the circumstance was entirely forgotten by Charles, that Henrietta had been introduced to him by a mutual friend, on the day of his graduating at Harvard; the young girl having attended with her relatives, as usual, the annual commencement.

The impression proved strongest, however, with the future bride, for Charles had entirely forgotten the fact.

Need we say any more of the happy pair? One word only. Charles is talented and respected. He is now an acknowledged leader of

his own political party, and both the hero and the heroine of our rambling little valentine story are said to be, by those who know them, the handsomest, happiest couple in the State.

Choice Poetry.

My Spirits Thrill with Bliss.

My spirits thrill with bliss to-night!
The world is bright to me;
Thy smiles are dancing o'er my heart,
Like sun-beams o'er the sea;
I met thee first an hour ago,
And though, thus soon afar,
My heart enfolds thee as the cloud
Enfolds the evening star.

Thy glance electric brings and bows
All hearts before thy shrine;
It seemed to win each one to-night—
I know it fettered mine.
And if 'tis thus that love enthralle,
Then let me wear the chain;
Forgo other links to bind me still,
But free me not again.

There is less joy in freedom than
In bondage such as this;
And who would rend his chains that finds
In bonds his wholly bliss.
There is a charm in everything
It never wore till now;
There is more beauty on the sea,
Less terror on its brow.

The storm-cloud seems to hush its wrath;
Their stars their light renew—
The breeze to sport a sweeter song—
The flowers a brighter hue—
Thus fairer seem all things below,
And in the depths above,
When charms like thine enchain the soul
And steep the heart in love.

Wilt Thou Love Me?

Wilt thou love me, gentle maiden,
When the hours of youth have fled;
When the hoary locks of winter,
Thinly cluster round my head?
When the form, now firm and stately,
Shall be bowed by age and care,
And my voice has lost its softness,
Wilt thou love me, maiden fair?

Wilt thou greet me with a welcome,
When the busy day is o'er;
When the parting rays of sun-light,
Cast their shadows on the floor?
When our youthful years are over,
When no power can us divide,
Wilt thou still look fondly on me,
And walk softly by my side?

Yes, thou'lt love me when the present,
With its halcyon days are past,
When our bark is gently gliding,
As on Time's dark waves we cast;
When each joyous dream has vanished,
When my heart is sad and chill,
And the shades of death hang o'er me,
Thou wilt love me, maiden, still.

How is it that girls can tell a married or a single man? The fact is indisputable; the philosophy of it is beyond our ken. Blackwood says "that the fact of matrimony or bachelorship is written so legibly in a man's appearance that no ingenuity could conceal it. Every where is some inexplicable instinct that tells us whether an individual whose name to fortune and circumstances are totally unknown to be or not a married man."

Whether it is a certain subdued look, such as that which characterizes the lions in a menagerie, and distinguishes them from the lords of the desert, we cannot tell, but that the truth is so we positively affirm."

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.—First class in grammar stand up. "John, how do you parse grandmother?"

"I doesn't pass her at all—I always goes in to get a cake."

"What is the singular of men?"

"They are singular when they pay their debts without being axed a dozen times."

"Young women are beautiful," what is that which comes after young women?"

"It is—is the fellers, to be sure. They are always after the young gals."

An acute but severe judge once remarked to a jury:

"The counsel has said, 'I believe this, and I believe that.' A counsel has no right to say what he thinks or what he believes; but since he has told you, gentlemen, his belief, I will tell you mine; that were you to believe him, and acquit his client, he would be the first man in the world to laugh at you."

Indian Corn.

The value of this cereal to the country has never been appreciated. Recent investigations and comparisons show conclusively that it is of more value than any other agricultural production, not excepting cotton, about which so much has been said. The culture of corn has wonderfully increased within the last few years; its ratio of increase being far greater than any other product. From 1839 to 1849, as per census returns, the increase was fifty-eight per cent.—Wool is the next highest, its increase being fifty per cent; cotton twenty-four per cent; oats twenty; and wheat sixteen. This is a remarkable result.

The cotton crop has not increased half so rapidly as the corn crop, and the claim of the former to the title of "king" is only in its influence upon the commercial interests of the country. The cotton crop of 1851 was nine hundred and twenty-seven millions of pounds, valued at one hundred and twelve millions of dollars, while the corn crop of 1850 was five hundred and ninety-two millions of bushels, which at the lowest possible price at which it can be estimated, is of far greater value than the cotton crop.

The Southern States are not suited to the profitable growth of corn—the average product per acre south of the latitude of North Carolina, with one exception, being but sixteen bushels; while in Ohio it is above thirty bushels to the acre—and in New England it reaches nearly to that figure. The five States—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee—produce one-half of all the corn raised in the United States. Tennessee and North Carolina are in the same latitude, but the soil of the latter State is not suited to the production of this cereal, while the former yields it abundantly. The profit accruing on a bushel of corn to the farmer of Ohio, and a pound of cotton to the planter of Georgia, is in favor of the former. The cost of raising corn is set down at about ten cents per bushel, which if sold for twenty five cents would leave fifteen cents profit. Cotton cannot be raised at less than six cents per pound, and is worth eleven and twelve cents, sometimes less, at tide water. The corn crop is more sure than all others. It needs but a few months to ripen it, and if the early frosts of spring destroy the first planting, it may be replanted with a harder kind, which will ripen sufficiently early to escape the frosts of autumn.

The export of corn is increasing. Great Britain has received nearly all which has been exported hitherto. It is not as yet generally known in Europe as an article of food, and the fact that much of which has been exported, has soured on the way, has created a prejudice against its use by the poorer classes. The climate of Europe is not fitted for its production, and it never will be raised there to any extent. A large demand for corn might be created in the old world if the project were entered upon judiciously. Let proper means be taken to prevent souring, and let a fine article of corn flour be produced, and no food so cheap and nutritious can be found for the masses of the people.

Plants have a moral as well as beautiful influence. Show us a woman that owns a mob of geraniums and an oleander, and we will show you a woman whose house is as neat as one of Willis' compliments. If you are courting a girl, therefore, find out in the first place whether she loves flowers; if she does, you can go to blind on all other matters, and come out ahead, at that.

The following advertisement appeared in an Irish paper: "Whereas, John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is therefore to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same, his name shall be made public."

The Madness of Blasphemy.

In a late address to his Mormon friends, Brigham Young has the following, which sounds more like the words of a maniac than anything else:

Up to this time we have carried the world on our backs. Joseph did it in his day, besides carrying this whole people, and now all this is upon my back, with my family to provide for at the same time, and we will carry it all and bear off the Kingdom of God. And you may pile State after State, kingdom after kingdom, and all hell on top, and we will roll on the Kingdom of our God, gathering out the seed of Abraham, build the cities and temples of Zion, and establish the Kingdom of God to rule over all the earth, and let the oppressor of all nations go free. I have never talked so roughly in these mountains as I did in the United States when they killed Joseph. I there said boldly and aloud, 'if ever a man should lay his hands on me and say (on account of my religion,) you are my prisoner,' the Lord Almighty help me, I would send that man to hell across lots. I feel so now. Let mobbers keep their hands off of me, or I will send them where they belong—I am always prepared for such an emergency."

The editor of the Bardstown Gazette, an old line Whig, speaks as follows:

Can a Southern citizen have any hope from any other political party than the Democratic, at this time, on the slavery question? The old Whig party is disbanded and gone. The know nothing party is split in two in the middle. But the Democratic party has a President in power elected from a Northern State—a Democratic Senate holding the same conservative principles of the compromise of 1850—and all the reflecting men know that at this time we cannot get along in harmony on any other platform. The Democratic party is a tried party on this subject; the President and Congress of the Democratic party have been tried and proven faithful. Then why would a Southern man want to break them down, to try a new party that cannot agree about the question, and whose main strength and power lies in its hostility to the South?

THE MAN THAT WAS BORN LATE.—An old Carolinian once said: "I was born the last day in the year, the last day of the month, the last day of the week, very late in the day, and have always been behind hand. I believe it would have been fifty dollars in my pocket if I hadn't been born at all."

Druggists always hold trumps. If the late cold snap has checked the sale of soda-water, it has increased the demand for cough mixture two hundred per cent. We got this from Dr. Borax, who keeps two boys and a shovel mixing "hoar-bound syrup," the whole blessed time.

We find the following singular death notice in a late number of the Natchez Courier:

Died of medical quackery, at his father's residence in Franklin county, Miss., on the 24th of October, Silas W. Smith, aged 10 years.

IN FULL RIG.—An exchange contains an advertisement of "bonnets and petticoats for young men's wear, to correspond with the shawls now so universally worn."

There is a village in Michigan where the Church-bell is rung every day at twelve, for the people to take their quinine, as they have the chills and fever all round.

The Editor of the Boston, Md. Star has received from a gentleman a sample of a second crop of peaches grown this year.

J. U. Wright, a mail agent on the Georgia Railroad, has been arrested for robbing the mails on the cars.